

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## All Things Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their little wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The morning and the sunset,  
That lighteth up the sky;

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them, every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who hath made all things well.

—John Keble.

## Adventure in Elk River Sink

Bliss, come on in, Aunt Miraoda has had news."

The two brothers, who had but a few days before come from Boise to spend a week of their summer vacation at their uncle's Utah cattle ranch, hurried into the house. They found their aunt hastily packing a small bag.

"Mother has fallen down stairs, boys," she explained, briefly. "They don't know how badly she is hurt yet. The doctor had not come when they sent word to me. I want to know if you will take care of Bennie till your uncle gets back from the round up? I can't carry him on the saddle; my pony shies, and it isn't safe; besides, mother is an old lady, and his prattle and noisy play disturbs her. May I trust him with you? I'll see that the loss of this day's freedom is in some way made up to you."

"Why, of course you can count on us," Leslie assured, as manfully as any fourteen-year-old boy whose plans for a day's rousing have suddenly been foiled, could manage. "You will be careful?" cautioned their aunt. "Watch him every minute when he's out-doors, he's such a venturesome little fellow. If I can I'll be home before dark. Anyway, your uncle will relieve you of responsibility before then. Never mind anything else but to take good care of Bennie."

When their aunt had ridden out of sight down the trail, Leslie and Bliss looked disconsolately at each other.

"This is a perfect trout morning," sighed Leslie.

"Only three days more before we have to go back to the city," lamented Bliss. "Do not believe we'll ever see Elk River Sink. I say, Les, why not go to-day, as we planned, and take Bennie along?"

"Aunt wouldn't like us to take him as far as that."

"She said to keep him out-doors. One of us can stay right by him while the other fishes. Come on, let's."

"I don't know as there'd be any harm, if we watch him all the time," Leslie assented. "You go and get him ready while I saddle. He's chatting to Lu Wang in the kitchen."

Within fifteen minutes the boys were riding their ponies exultantly up the mountain trail four-year old Bennie held firmly before Leslie, while fish-baskets, rods, and rubber boots were strapped to the saddles. Bennie had previously accompanied his consorts on several short trips and was enjoying himself hugely.

It was a hot morning, even for July, but after a three mile ride the broad trail entered thick pine woods, which kept off the sun, and the fresh ponies soon covered the remaining distance to Elk River. As there was no nearby grazing, the boys hitched the horses in the shade, and leading Bennie approached the river with much curiosity, having learned of its peculiarities through their uncle.

Elk River has its source in the great glacier that lies between Sentinel and Elk mountains, snow-clad peaks of the Bitter Root Range. The river runs over a bed of broken lava for many miles through a pine forest, till it disappears underground in a deep, well-like basin, nearly fifty feet in diameter. Five miles farther on its waters unite with the Salmon River, though it does not again emerge above ground.

Another peculiarity of the Elk is that about noon on every summer day its clear waters grow milky white and

rise rapidly till the stream runs bank full. What had been an ordinary trout-stream roars a milk white torrent. The increase in volume is due to the melting of the glacier by the hot sun, the opaque whiteness being caused by the grinding of the glacial rocks and ice.

Bliss eagerly attached a fly to his hook and waded out toward a riffle. The water, clear and cool, ideal for trouting, came barely to the knees of his hip boots. At the first cast a foot long rainbow trout took the fly and was quickly landed.

"Good," congratulated Leslie, who followed along the bank, leading and carrying Bennie by turns. Often he sat beside him at the river brink while the child threw pebbles and sticks into the stream, play of which he never tired.

When half an hour had passed the brother changed places, both finding the sport unusually interesting and exciting because of the size and gameness of the trout. Fishing alternately, they worked their way down the river until they drew near to the Sink.

"I'll climb out now, for I can hear the water falling into the well," called back Bliss, who was ahead. He scrambled up the high, lava-strewn bank, and together the brothers, each holding firmly a hand of their small charge approached the famous Sink and examined it with much interest.

The river entered the basin through a cut in the wall, falling fifteen feet perpendicularly. Close beside the falls a series of steps, partly natural, and made more secure and easy of descent by the work of former explorers and fishermen, led down to a line of sandy beach that at low water surrounded the deep pool at the bottom. The walls of the basin were perfectly smooth and straight, polished by the attrition of the water, except at right angles to the falls, where a black hole, about a third of the way to the top, like the mouth of a cave, showed where the river entered its underground passage. Above this opening was a jutting ledge, and the wall was broken and seamed to the top.

"Uncle said he once caught a Dolly Varden trout two feet long down in that pool," Bliss remarked. "It's the only place where Dolly Vardens will bite this time of the year and we haven't been able to hook one yet. Let's go down there."

"Not with Bennie," objected Leslie. "He can't stand much more of this heat; he's growing sleepy too. I'll take him back under the trees and let him have a nap."

When Bliss and his charge had gone back into the shade, Leslie descended eagerly into the well, hoping to win the wary, rare trout of whose capture his uncle had many times boasted. Nearly in the center of the basin rose a large rock, worn and honey-combed by the waters that eddied and swirled about it. The waters but covered his ankles as he stepped into it and waded out toward the rock, but steadily deepened as he proceeded.

Creeping on hands and knees to the far side of the flat-topped boulder, he peered anxiously into the deep pool below, and was exultant at the sight of half a dozen of the largest and most beautiful trout he had ever seen swimming gracefully about in a deep pool, nosing the sides of the basin, their crimson and gold speckled backs and sides shining in the sunlight water.

"What beauties!" gasped Leslie, his hands trembling with excitement as he drew back and carefully examined his tackle. "That biggest one would weigh fifteen pounds if he would an ounce."

He crept forward and made a cast. The fly swept out over the pool and dropped lightly. Two of the trout caught sight of it and rose languidly to investigate. They smelled at the hook, disdained the bait, and turned lazily away to their investigation of the slime-covered walls.

Leslie, much disappointed, cautiously withdrew his line, and sitting on the far side of the rock, selected a second tempting fly from his book, and tied it with no better success. He was making his fourth attempt when Bliss cautiously nudged his elbow. He had approached so noiselessly that his brother, absorbed in the study of what would tempt these aristocratic epicureans of the finny tribes, had been unaware of his presence.

As he caught sight of the Dolly Vardens Bliss' mouth open in amazement.

Leslie motioned him back. "I've tried my best flies; let's see what you've got. Perhaps something may strike their fancy. Where's Bennie?"

"Left him asleep, snug as a cub, under a big pine. He won't wake for an hour, at least."

"Ought we to leave him alone?" Leslie said, doubtfully.

"I'll go up pretty soon and see that he's all right. Let me have a try with this professor."

For half an hour silence, except for the increasing clamor of the falls, brooded over the well, as the boys, intent and heedless of all else, angled skilfully for the prize trout. It was nearing high noon. The sun beat relentlessly into the well, and in the breathless heat the boys sweated, perspiration running down their faces and soaking their kakis shirts until they were as wet as if dipped in the river. Behind their unconscious backs white, foaming water began pouring over the falls, but they were beyond the reach of any warning. Both had, at last, had a strike, and were excitedly and anxiously playing their glorious captives with all the skill and attention they could command.

Finally, after a prolonged battle, the trout were safely landed, and with great breaths of brief the boys dropped down on the rock to admire and compare their prizes.

"They fairly made the water boil," gasped Bliss, wiping the dripping perspiration from his eyes.

Leslie gave a startled glance at the swirling water, white and frothy in the deep pool before them. "It's rising," he ejaculated. "See, it's nearly to the top of the rock."

With a sickening sense of being trapped, both boys whirled about to look at the falls, whose roar struck cold fear to their awakened senses. The clear trout-stream had risen to a frothing, foaming torrent, and was pouring into the well an increasing of water that must soon fill it. The steps beside the falls, which the boys had descended, the only exit from the basin, were covered deep with the rushing flood.

"I can swim better than you," Leslie said, slowly, after staring, white-faced, at the pounding falls. "I'll try first. Keep hold of our fishing rods; we may need them."

He plunged into the water and worked his way toward the steps. On reaching them he fought desperately for a foothold, clawing at every projection. At length he succeeded in dragging himself up two steps, but the pouring torrent beat him down relentlessly. Weak and faint with the useless struggle, choking and gasping for breath he turned to swim back to the rock. Halfway across the channel he was caught by an irresistible current and swept around into the deep pool.

"Oh, look out! Swim! Fight!" shrieked Bliss. "The water has begun to pour into the cavern, and you'll be drawn underground."

Leslie struggled with every ounce of strength he possessed, but in spite of his every effort he was dragged toward the black hole, into which a greater volume of water was rushing every second. Nearly opposite the cave he felt the current divide part to disappear into blackness underground, the rest to swirl again about the rock. Though battling manfully Leslie felt that it was no effort of his that sent him once again circling the well.

"Catch hold! Grab the rod!" he heard Bliss shout. On being borne closer to the boulder, over the top of which the water was now flowing, Leslie seized the end of the strong bamboo rod extended to him, and with Bliss' aid dragged himself upon the rock.

"We'll soon be swept off from here," Bliss groaned, as the two boys stood together, looking over the foaming, swirling Sink. The water, sweeping over their refuge, already reached half-way to their knees.

"What's that?" Leslie pointed, startled at a small, dark object that swirled past. Suddenly he clutched his brother's arm in a viselike grip. "It's a child's shoe."

"We—forgot—Bennie!" choked Bliss. "He's waked up, and has gone back to his old game of throwing things in the water. That baby,

alone, up there on the bank of this raging river!"

"And we brought him here!"

For a long minute the brothers stared into each other's stricken faces, their own peril forgotten. Then a gurgling shout reached their ears above the booming of the falls. Turning they saw Bennie toddling along the brink of the Sink, calling, and waving a fat, pudgy hand in glee at having discovered their whereabouts.

"Go back!" commanded Leslie, hoarsely, but he spoke too late. The child tripped on a loose stone, fell forward, and crying out in sudden terror, rolled over the brink, and pitched headlong into the seething well.

Leslie's body struck the water simultaneously with that of the child's and Bliss, unconsciously clutching the fishing-rods, was but a second behind. Though fairly good swimmers, both boys found themselves nearly helpless in the smother, tug and whirl of the tumultuous Sink. The whirlpool floated and tossed them about at will. A yellow, curly head bobbed up-between them. Leslie's muscular arm shot out and Bennie, gasping like a landed fish, was held above the flood.

But each moment the inexorable current drew its three victims nearer the arched hole. Straight toward it—there was to be no swerving this time—three—yards—two—Bliss in the lead. The dragging tide gathered energy. Struggle was futile. Now they were opposite the black hole. Bliss noted its narrowness, and as a last staying effort swung the fishing-rods, which he grasped in the middle, and had clung to with a vague idea of their proving useful, in front of him. They struck the rocks each side of the cavern's mouth forming a bar across the brothers were instantly clinging with set teeth and straining muscles.

"Hold to Bennie!" Bliss shouted. His quick eye caught the narrow shelf above the entrance to the cave. Throwing up one hand he reached it, and in another minute had dragged himself, by strength of muscle gained in the practiced of bar chinning in the gymnasium, out of the pull of the rushing water to the safety of the ledge above. Instantly he snatched up Bennie and barely had him on the ledge before Leslie had struggled up beside them.

The rocky shelf, narrowed in places to a mere foothold, led upward slantingly along the side of the wall to the top of the well. After they had partially regained their spent strength the boys, each holding to a loudly vociferating Bennie, crawled out of the well and lay panting, with dripping clothes and torn hands on the rocky rim above. At length they staggered to their feet, and without another look into the Sink that had entrapped them hurried to get away from the sound of its menacing waters.

"Bennie's not hurt," said Leslie, as they rode down through the pine woods. His voice had regained its steadiness, but the hand that held the child before him on the saddle still trembled visibly.

"Will you ever forget that—when he pitched in?" Bliss shivered.

"Maybe we deserved the scare we got for neglecting a trust, but we'll never deserve such another on that score," said Leslie, with determination. —Youth's Companion.

## Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 949 W. Franklin Street.  
Rev. J. A. Branflick, Assistant, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week-day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

## St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf.

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.  
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader, Miss Clara J. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher.  
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.  
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Lectures, recitals and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.  
The deaf cordially invited.

## The Best Oiler in the State

By IDA REED SMITH

"If I'd read it in some book probably I'd have thought it interesting enough," thought Dolph Harmon, as he investigated cogs, shafts and bearings with a longnozzled oil can. "But it's a lot different having to live through."

Yes, it would read "like a story." Commencement Day, like a glorious, sunlit peak, high over the low hills of all preceding time—for Dolph. The coveted diploma, the gifts, flowers, congratulations. The brief bright weeks of vacation with the home folks. Then the trip to the city, and the gradual descent from the mountain top to the weary, dusky plan of getting a job, where crowds of fellow seekers jostled each other to be first in line for the "desirable opening."

Finally there were no desirable openings. It was simply a question of taking what was to be had.

"Want a job, eh?" The gruff, gray-haired manager of the factory looked keenly over his glasses at the broad shouldered young fellow before him. "What kind of a job? Nice, cool, clean work in the office, I suppose?"

Dolph met the spectacled gaze with a straightforward look which had a smile in it.

"Why, yes," he answered, "if that's the kind of a job you happen to have. I'm a little slow with figures, though mechanics is what I like best, and I think I have a working knowledge along that line; but I've got past being particular. Almost any kind of work would look good to me."

"H'm, I see. Well, Stebbins can always use an extra man. Report at the machine shop Monday morning."

Dolph Harmon, in overalls and jumper, reported at the machine shop Monday morning.

"All right," Stebbins, the foreman said, as he put the name in a small and dingy notebook, and then gave the new workman an oil can with a curved nozzle and pointed to the engine.

"Grease her up," he ordered curtly, and was gone.

With an odd look on his face, Dolph obeyed orders. It wasn't exactly the work he had expected to do—before Commencement. He'd read of beginning on the lowest round of the ladder. Now he had to "live through it." Well, there was no use whining. He began to whistle. Presently he smiled. The little tune was singing in his ears:

"He that is down need fear no fall."

"Can't tumble off the bottom," he told himself whimsically. "Well I presume the climbing's good, but just at present the top isn't visible, to the naked eye."

Then his natural love of machinery asserted itself and he was soon really enjoying a close observation of a fine and powerful engine, learning at first-hand the science of applied power, which he had hitherto known principally in "diagram and theory."

There is something fascinating in the smooth, certain action of a well-kept engine, and Dolph was quick to feel it. After he had oiled the great machine carefully and thoroughly he took a handful of cotton waste and began polishing brasses and wiping plates and castings free from dust. The grizzled old engineer passing in and out, noticed that the soiled waste was not tossed into a corner, but taken to the furnace room and burned. He nodded approval and confided to Stebbins that the new oiler "took hold like he had the right stuff in him."

"You've the right notion o' things," he said to Dolph as he cast a practiced eye over the big machine, shining and spotless from his morning rub. "Keep her spick and good-natured. If the Dutchess gets cranky there's trouble all over the place. And don't be sparing' of the oil. It's good economy to use plenty."

All at once Dolph had a revelation. His job, dirty, monotonous and poorly paid as it was, was a real job, after all. This great engine was the heart of the Morenci Iron Works, sending power through shaft and wheel and belt to every part of the concern. Engine trouble meant

"trouble all over the place," the loss of profit to the owners, the lack of work to a small army of employees. Dolph Harmon, oiler, armed with the can with the curved nozzle, was a person of importance, whether recognized or not. On him depended the efficiency of the engine. This time the whistled tune sang to him an odd little rhyme he had learned away back in "the grades."

"If I were a cobbler it should be my pride  
The best of all cobblers to be;  
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside  
Should mend an old kettle like me."

His work took him all over the big, busy factory, but the engine was his especial care and pride. One day it struck him that the dingy room was not a fit dwelling for "the Dutchess." Consulting with the engineer and obtaining permission from Stebbins, he set about his house-cleaning. The brick walls were kalsomined a soft buff. The woodwork was cleaned and varnished. The big cans of oil on the raised platform at the ends of the room were painted a dull green, and a small granite basin set under each faucet to catch any spilled drops. The cement floor was scrubbed, the glass of windows and doors washed and polished. But when the grime of years was removed the out-look was not pleasing. The window opened on a white-washed court. The door into the furnace room showed only the coal bins.

Dolph rose to the occasion, and one morning the old engineer found him applying transparent sheets patterned in cream and green to the glass.

"Well, son," said he, looking around the spotless room in which "the Dutchess" sat enthroned, "you've done a good job. I reckon this is the only engine room in the city with stained glass windows. There's just one thing more we ought to have—white duck uniforms for you and me."

"I wonder if we could manage it?" said Dolph, taking the suggestion in good faith, at which the engineer exploded with a roar of laughter, gave Dolph a resounding thump on the shoulder and to told him to be off about his business. But before he sat down in the engine room after the day's work was begun, to glance over the morning paper he donned new overalls, thrusting their grimed and greasy predecessors into the furnace.

One morning a week or two later, Dolph looked up from his ministrations to "the Dutchess" to see a familiar face in the door way—Professor Braxworth being shown over the works by the manager himself.

"Why, hello, hello, Dolph!" he cried, his face lighting up. "I didn't know what had become of you. I'm certainly glad to see you. How goes it?"

"Fine!" said Dolph, gripping the extended hand.

"Got a good job?" asked Prof. Braxworth as the manager, after an astonished look around the engine room, hurried off "to see Stebbins a minute."

"Fine," said Dolph again, adding with a twinkle in his eyes, "I'm probably the best oiler in the State of Michigan. I don't get very much pay, but my work's mighty useful. It's my business to insure the efficiency of the Morenci Iron Works by keeping the engine good-natured."

"I see," chuckled the professor.

Presently the manager returned and two continued their tour of the works.

"You have one of our boys back there," said Prof. Braxworth as they moved off.

"One of our Ann Arbor boys—the oiler," asked the manager in some surprise. "I didn't suppose one of them would take a job like that," he added with intent to tease an old friend.

Prof. Braxworth laughed good-naturedly.

"Our boys are taught that they are to dignify their work," he said. Apparently Dolph has learned his lesson. He says he's the best oiler in the State of Michigan and that the efficiency of the Morenci Iron Works depends on how he attends to your engine."

"He does, eh?" said the manager with an appreciative grin. "Well, he's no ordinary chap. I think I'll

see if he can't grease the wheels a little higher up. The engine room isn't the only place where a good oiler is needed."

"I've noticed that," nodded the Professor. "Men who can make business—and life—run smoothly. They're valuable. I've noticed that."

"It's a rare gift," said the manager, thoughtfully. "How do they bring it about, I wonder?"

"Plenty of oil," said the Professor, remembering Dolph's account of the old engineer's caution. Kindness, courtesy, hope, optimism—they don't spare the oil, Tom, and from what I know of Dolph Harmon he'll serve the Morenci Iron Works as well higher up as he has in the engine room."—The Canadian.

## Vera Gammon—Blind and Deaf

VERA GAMMON'S school life has ended. Twelve years ago she came to us a little girl, with a mind devoid of intelligent expression. Step by step through the years the work of development proceeded, and now she leaves us a highly educated young lady, in all respects the equal of high school students, and in some respects their superior. She has also learned to use her hands in the production of wonderful work with needle, crochet hook, and loom. The character that Vera has shown throughout these years is of the highest. She has been always happy, always cheerful, always earnest and ambitious to do her very best. As an example of what can be done in spite of heavy handicaps, she puts to shame many of us more favored mortals. The greater part of the credit for this wonderful result belongs to Vera's teacher, Miss Blanche Hansen, who, with unwearied patience and wholehearted devotedness has guided the darkened mind along the difficult and thorny pathway to knowledge. From the first it has been a labor of love on her part, and the attachment between teacher and pupil is of the closest and most affectionate nature. Leaving the school Vera carries with her the love and admiration of all whose privilege it has been to be associated with her, and we all hope that her future life will be replete with happiness and usefulness.—Minnesota Companion.

## "Deaf and Dumb" Man Fools Woman

LOS ANGELES, May 20.—Chief of Police Butler was talking to the reporters about an old man who was lodged in the city jail as a faker. "He's one of the rawest workers we ever took up," he declared, "and yet he is an uncanny judge of human nature. One day a woman stopped to read the sign hanging on his breast. It said, 'Help me, please I am deaf and dumb.'"

"My poor man," exclaimed the woman, "how long have you been afflicted?" The deaf and dumb man promptly replied "about 20 years, ma'am," and, will you believe it? the old lady gave him a half dollar.

"But the episode proved Tom's undoing, for an officer standing near by had seen the whole thing. When they brought him in I said: 'Tom, why did you make such a break?'"

"Well," said Tom, "a woman who's so foolish as to ask a question of a deaf and dumb man would naturally feel insulted if he didn't answer. How did I know a cop was right behind me?"

## St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge.  
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.

Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square.

Every Sunday of the month, at 11:00 A.M.

Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 2:15 P.M.

Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Worcester—All Saints', Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Providence, R. I.—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Edwin W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary,  
30 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done,  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

NEXT week's issue of the JOURNAL will be a special illustrated edition, and the publication of ordinary news letters will be postponed till the following week.

UNOFFICIAL information states that Mr. E. A. Gruver, Principal of the Rome, N. Y., Institution, will succeed Mr. Henry W. Rothert as Superintendent of the Iowa Institution at Council Bluffs.

ON May 26th, Vice-President Marshall appointed Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, to take the place of Senator Shafroth (who is no longer a member of the Senate) as a member of the board of directors of the Columbia Institution, which embraces both the Kendall School and Gallaudet College.

THE authorities of Gallaudet College are much disturbed over the threatened location of a plant for the disposal of miscellaneous refuse in proximity to the College. The contractors claim that the operation of the plant will be odorless. Very much like painless dentistry—in the announcement at least, and most people know what that means.

IT is not generally known that Henri Gaillard, besides being editor of the *Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, of Paris, France, is also a proof reader at the National Bureau of Printing. Recently he has read proofs of the Treaty of Peace, which comprises four hundred pages. In doing this, he often worked at night and on Sundays. Knowing the importance of this great document, it is quite a tribute to his integrity and reliability that such work has been entrusted to him.

ANTON SCHROEDER, of St. Paul, is an all-around genius. As most of our readers know, he has patented valuable devices for hanging screens and window frames, and other things in the line of constructive carpentry. His latest is a patented post card which has a blank space in the centre, for either message or picture, the frame being the manual alphabet. The letters are exceptionally clear. At the top, in the form of a tablet, between the ending and beginning of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, is printed "Why not learn the American Finger Alphabet? Easy and Useful." Anton has a good idea that should be widely circulated, but he does not say if the cards are to be sold, or what they will cost. Of course the deaf know all about their finger alphabet, but their friends don't, and that's where the cards should go. The more hearing people who understand the finger alphabet, the better it is for the deaf.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The series of meetings of the Literary Society was brought to a close on the evening of May 29th by a farewell program. Representing the departing class of 1919, Mr. Ferguson delivered the customary valedictory, preceded by a humorous rendering of "Baron Munchausen." The subject of Mr. Valiant, the respondent, was "Arizona Night."

Dr. Hotchkiss' health has improved to such a point that he is now able to meet his classes on the piazza of his home in semi-outdoor sessions.

The annual Lawn Fete of the Jolity Club was announced by attractive posters as due to fall on the evening of June 6th from 7 to 9. It proved indeed a very pleasant affair. In the receiving line with honoree, Miss Northrop, were Misses Atkins, '19, Post, '20, Flenner, '20, F. Lewis, '21. After meeting Miss Northrop, the guests dispersed to the lawn, where conversation passed the time until refreshments of orange ice and assorted cakes were served.

At a meeting on Monday, June 2d, the editors of the *Buff and Blue*, elected the following as their successors for the next college year, subject to the ratification of the student body.

## LITERARY STAFF

Literary Editor..... Kelly H. Stevens, '20  
Associate Editors: William F. May, '21  
Estelle E. Maxwell, '21  
John B. Hotchkiss, '20  
Alumni Ed's: Roy J. Stewart, '20, Assoc.  
Locals: Maurice Werner, '22  
Isabella Toner, '21  
Athletics: August Herfeldter, P.O.

## BUSINESS STAFF

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Business Manager..... Alexis B. Rosen, '21  
Circulation Manager..... Archie H. Hartin, '20  
Advertising Manager..... Wesley Lauritsen, '22

The annual picnic of the *Buff and Blue* staff fell on June 8th, the place being Chesapeake Beach, the participants, the majority of the *Buff and Blue* staff, and the chaplain, Miss Weiss. Five members of the staff were prevented by various things from going, but the remaining eight went, and made a splendid day of it. The shifting, shimmering colors of the bay and sky, the distant white sails of the clipper ships, and the luxuriant foliage along the shore and on the headlands, made a setting that was primarily suited to the sports that were followed—bathing and boating. With Mrs. Troups help a very nice lunch had been prepared, sufficient for the meals that we took on a table in the park. The tired but happy party returned late in the afternoon, bringing with them some beautiful cases of sunburn as souvenirs of the day. But the sunburn was more than worth it.

The tennis tournament ended with a final contest between W. P. Valiant and C. H. Whitworth, on June 5th, with the following results: Champion: W. P. Valiant, awarded the custody for the Firestone Trophy, together with a special medal.

Second Place: W. H. Whitworth, as victor in the semi-finals, awarded a new tennis racket.

The last Sunday School Concert of the year, given by the Senior Class on the afternoon of June 8th, was made the occasion for a "Flag Day" program. That day falling on Saturday, June 14th, the Seniors decided to give it fitting observance with the following well-arranged program:

The Origin of Our Flag..... Miss Atkins  
Patriotism and Citizenship..... Mr. Peard  
Hymn: The Stars and Stripes..... Miss Kau

## ATHLETICS.

The eighth annual field and track meet took place on Garfield Field, on Wednesday, June 4th, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was found that the Class of 1921 had won the day with a total of 39 points, and thereby came into possession of the Hall trophy for the next year. Following closely on its heels were the Preparatory and Freshmen classes, with 31 and 25 points, respectively.

Though the occasion was devoid of any record breaking performances, none of the keen rivalry and hard struggles for supremacy were missing. Only near the very end did the Sophomore class achieve victory. Before the last three events on the program had been run off, the scoring was: Prep. 28, Freshmen 24, and Sophomores 21. However, in the next three events, the last named class amassed a total of 18 points, cornering all places in the half-mile walk, and came out on top of the first-year men.

The individual honors went to Deer of the Freshmen, who registered 19 points, more than three-fourths of his class' total. Tipping the scales in the neighborhood of the 200 pound mark and built along the general lines of a weight thrower, he surprised the more nimble fellows by capturing the dashes in good time; while in weight events he won the hammer throw and third place in the shot-up.

THE SUMMARY:—  
100 yd. dash—Deer, Fresh. Time 10-3-10 sec.; Houze, Soph.; Downes, Prep.  
Shot put—Downes, Prep. Distance 40 ft. 4-1-2 in.; La Fontaine, Prep.; Deer, Fresh. 22 yd. yd. dash—Deer, Fresh. 24-4-10 sec. Houze, Soph.; Downes, Soph.  
Running high jump—Downes and Baynes, Prep. (tied). Distance 5 ft. 2-1-2 in.; La Fontaine, Prep.

Low hurdles—Matthews, Soph. Time 17-4 sec.; Wilson, Junior; Randall, Prep.  
Running broad jump—Downes, Prep. Distance 16 ft. 3-1-2 in.; Hartin, Fresh; Houze, Soph.

120 yd. high hurdles—Frewing, Soph. Time 21 sec.; Deer, Fresh; Haley, Junior.  
Hammer throw—Deer, Fresh. Distance 137 ft. 5 in.; Downes, Prep.; Wilson, Junior.  
One mile run—Davies, Junior, Time 4:37-25 min. Harmon, Soph.; Lauritsen, Fresh.

Pole vault—Valiant, Junior, and Frewing, Soph. (tied) Orman and Randall, Prep.  
Half mile walk—Roberts, Soph. Time 4:8-8-10 min. Rebal, Soph. Paxton, Soph.  
One mile relay—Soph. Time 3:32-6-10 min. Prep: Fresh.  
Total points—Sophomores 39; Preparatory 31; Freshmen 24; Juniors 14.

## COLORADO.

Recently the Denver Division, No. 64, N. F. S. D., staged an amusing mock trial in its Arapahoe Street quarters, where a good-sized crowd was present to enjoy the novel entertainment and appetizing refreshments. The personnel of the mock court was: Judge, F. L. Reid; prosecuting attorney, F. A. Leesley; defendant, T. R. Tansey, charged with hog stealing; defendant's counsel, B. W. Harris; sheriff, John McTigue; clerk of court, A. L. Kent; witnesses, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wolpert, and W. K. Gibson; foreman of jury, E. H. Whitaker; and a mixed jury of men and women, Colorado being an equal suffrage State. The verdict was one minute's imprisonment, which sentence was not carried out, because the judge granted the motion for a new trial in distant future.

Mrs. F. L. Reid is at Fort Collins, where her mother has been sick. We wish the patient a speedy recovery.

Several Denver devotees of Isaack Walton took advantage of the Decoration Day week-end by trying their luck with the mountain trout near the famed Decker's Point. They came back home with tales of fine catches, and we opine, somewhat cold, as snow fell on Sunday morning, June 1, and a heavy frost, accompanied by a freeze, struck the State, especially in the mountain districts.

Several weeks ago S. W. Harris spent the week-end in Colorado Springs as a guest of his old college mate, Prof. A. L. Brown, who is the head teacher at the Colorado School for the Deaf and the Blind. Among the entrants for the annual Rocky Mountain Marathon is a well known Denver deaf athlete, Charlie Allen. The race will be from Littleton to Denver, on the afternoon of June 7th.

Among the pupils back home from school at Colorado Springs are Misses Lucile Wolpert and Pauline Kehont, and Master Ray Alfred. The session closed June 4, and Prof. A. L. Brown was in charge of the pupils to Denver and points beyond.

On the evening of June 3, Prof. A. L. Brown was a pleasant and distinguished visitor at the quarters of the Denver Division, No. 64, N. F. S. D. He was shown around in company with President S. W. Harris and Frank Love.

"Irish John" McTigue laid aside his arduous duties as the hall manager of the Denver Division quarters for a couple of days, in order to enjoy a trip to—(deleted by the censor.)

Miss Hattie Sparling was a recent visitor to friends in Colorado Springs. Miss Sarah Young, the efficient Girls' Supervisor at the Colorado School, is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. D. H. Wolpert, on the beautiful Wolpert ranch near Henderson.

Miss Margaret Golewski is back in Denver after a session's employment at the Colorado School, much to the delight of her relatives and friends.

Ralph Connell and James Duncan, of Derby, were Denver visitors recently. Also Rex Cochran, of Bloomfield, took in Denver.

A cordial invitation is extended to the Colorado deaf and visitors by the Denver Division, No. 64, N. F. S. D., to attend an outing at Lookout Mountain Saturday, July 19th. The jollification is open to all, whether Frats or not, and will begin at 3 P.M. and continue until midnight, winding up with a ride in autos. Interurban cars leave Denver for Golden every hour and autos are used from Golden to the mountain top. The round trip tickets will be about \$1.25 each. Picnic lunch is a carte. Those wishing to attend the outing are requested to write at once to J. Leon Harvat, Secretary Picnic Committee, 1421 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.

X. Y. Z.

## The Friend We Like.

The friend you like is the friend who comes  
To you in a smiling way—  
With a "howdy-do" that is ringing true,  
But never a word to say  
Of the ill he feels, or the ache he knows,  
Or the gloom he is passing through;  
Who gives you a smile, and a joke the while,  
And is cheerful, at least with you.

The friend you like is the friend who comes  
When you are in deep despair,  
And grips your hand in a manner bland,  
With a happy-go-lucky air,  
Who hasn't a word of advice to give,  
What you ought or ought not to do,  
But he slaps your back with a sounding  
whack,  
And is cheerful, at least with you.

For it isn't of woes that we want to hear,  
Nor woe that we'd talk about;  
The road is rough and there's gloom enough  
Without having it pointed out.  
And all of us troubles have, I ween,  
And some of us are a few;  
But it's words of cheer that we like to hear—  
What sort of a friend are you?

—Selected.

## FANWOOD.

THE Fanwood cadets, in a recent contest with several other organizations, three of them hearing, won first place and a handsome silver cup as trophy. It was an achievement of which the boys and their school have every reason to feel proud. When a battalion of deaf boys can meet and outdo similar organizations of hearing boys, it is proof of splendid training and faithful work.

—Minnesota Companion.

On Monday morning last Mrs. Mary Emma Stockbower, our genial Principal's Secretary, was most agreeably surprised to find her desk decorated with flowers, flags, etc. Inquisitive friends were informed that the office staff were celebrating the completion of the biennial service of the young lady.

## BASE BALL

On Saturday last, the Fanwood Seniors played a game of base ball with the Royal Society, which was composed of young boys of our own age—in fact, the first team we have played who have been of our own weight and age.

The first inning brought them one run, on Lux's wild throw to second, which was badly fielded, and that is the real cause of the run. Our boys made up for it by three times when our turn at bat came. Stecker singled and stole second and reached three by the same route. With McVernon on first, Lux singled, scoring two runs, and got home on an error.

The second inning brought no runs to either team, but in third three runs were made by the Fanwoods, through a bit and run play, which was used a number of times throughout the game, and was worked when a runner was on third. The batter bunted and ran to first, but the man on third stuck there, and so the ball was thrown to first—and home came to third man like a streak. We made one more run in the fourth.

The sixth inning resulted in a change of the R. S. pitcher, an older and more experienced man being substituted—but despite his experience we made three runs off him. One more run in the ninth made totals 11 to 1 in our favor.

Box Score below:—

Fanwood	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Stecker ss	4	3	4	5	1	0
McVernon 1b	3	2	1	5	0	0
*Altenderfer 3b	1	1	0	2	0	0
Lux c	4	2	2	12	5	0
Cattanauch 2b	4	1	2	3	1	1
Uhl p	4	0	2	0	2	1
Czech cf, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	1
Welsenstein rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Newman lf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Gabrielson rf	3	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 35 11 11 27 10 2

Royal Society	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
J. McVahon lf	3	1	0	0	0	0
O. Honner rf	3	0	1	0	1	0
Gilber cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
C. Winkler ss	4	0	0	1	2	0
Bird c	4	1	1	9	1	1
J. Drosch 1b	3	0	0	8	0	1
Markman 3b	2	0	1	2	1	0
Fanwood 5, Hits 11, earned runs—Off Stelemetz 7 hits, 7 runs in 6 innings; Off Stelemetz 4 hits and 4 runs in 3 innings. Umpire B. Cohen.	2	0	1	0	1	0

Two base hits—Stelemetz, Stecker 2, Lux. Sacrifice hits—McVernon, Lux. Stolen bases—McMahon, Markman, Stecker 4, McVernon 3, Welsenstein. Base on balls—Off Stelemetz 4, off Stelemetz 5, Uhl 2. Struck out—by Stelemetz 4, off Stelemetz 5, Uhl 12. Left on bases—Royal Society 4, Fanwood 5. Hits 11, earned runs—Off Stelemetz 7 hits, 7 runs in 6 innings; Off Stelemetz 4 hits and 4 runs in 3 innings. Umpire B. Cohen.

Miss Pattie Thomason, a former teacher here, was a recent visitor. With her were two teachers from North Carolina, Misses Renard and Atwood.

The next issue of the JOURNAL will be printed on half-tone paper, and consist of half-tones and reading matter.

On June 6th, Friday evening, Cadet Corporal J. Seltzer and Cadet Lieut. A. Cattanauch were invited to attend the marriage of Miss Annabelle Hannon to Mr. J. F. Eberhardt, at St. Ann's Church, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. John H. Kent, a deaf minister. As both bride and groom are old friends of ours, we were pleased to see them married. Mr. Eberhardt was a former pupil here, playing solo cornet in the band. Mrs. Eberhardt hails from the Lexington Avenue School.

The classes have been having their annual examinations this week and last, and as yet all classes have not finished. The High Class was examined first, and then from the first grade up.

On Sunday evening, Prof. Jones gave a thrilling French Novel—"The Young Advocate."

Sunday morning, Dr. Fox, in the absence of Principal Gardner, gave the morning sermon, and spoke on the wisdom of forming good habits while young, so that in old age you may reap the rewards of such.

Principal Gardner spoke in the afternoon on "Home." His sermon was beautiful. Truly, the world's greatest place is your own home.

Saturday evening, June 7th, the graduating Class assembled on the chapel rostrum for the last time as members of the F. L. A., to bid good bye to the Members who remain.

They were seated in a semicircle and totalling nine graduates—six males and three females. Each one affectionately addressed the presi-

dent, graduating class and members. All expressed hope that the following year would bring advancement and betterment to the Society. Very few expressed their talk as one of farewell, as they were nearly all city dwellers, and would be frequent visitors at their *Alma Mater*. Cadet Captain Roy Parsons was the only graduate who bid us goodbye, as he will travel far from New York to reside in some distant town.

After each graduate had said a few words, President Fox and Vice-President Cattanauch ascended the platform and shook hands with all; and the graduates then went among the pupils, personally shaking hands with all.

Cadet Abraham Fishberg recently visited his sailor brother, on the "Chicago," now anchored at 96th St., on the Hudson River. He reported having a very interesting visit, showing as proof a big pad filled with questions and answers.

Cadet Raymond McCarthy celebrated his birthday on Sunday last, at his home.

Rev. Alfred C. Church, Associate Pastor of the Tompkins Avenue, Congregational Church, Brooklyn N. Y., will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class of the Institution on Sunday, June 15th, at 3 P.M.

Captain Robert G. Shaefer of the 23d Regiment Engineers, N. Y. G. will review the Battalion.

AL. & JACK.

## Gallaudet Day at the Home.

Saturday, June 7th, was observed as Founder's Day at the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. The 7.55 train from New York carried a small party of trustees and friends to the station at Camelot, sixty-eight miles up the Hudson River, where carriages were waiting to take them to the Home. The morning dawned threateningly, but by nine o'clock the clouds cleared away and the sun gave the crowning touch of glory to the rare June day. No matter how often one makes the trip, there is a beauty and charm about the Hudson Highlands that never fails, and just at this season of the year, when spring is merging into summer, the rich foliage that covers the hills is at its best and brightest. Late summer will dim its freshness somewhat, but the charm will remain.

The inmates of the Home were waiting to welcome the visitors. Throughout the forenoon members of the Board of Lady Managers and other friends kept arriving. At 11.30 the visitors and family assembled in the chapel for a short service. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain read the lessons and prayers, which were interpreted by Rev. Mr. Kent. The Rev. Dr. Newton, of St. James Church, Hyde Park, delivered the principal address. He dwelt on the wonderful vision of service that animated Dr. Gallaudet, his sublime faith in the power of Christ and whole-hearted surrender to the guidance of God. Rev. Cummins, of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, paid tribute to the memory of Dr. Gallaudet as a master builder. Rev. Dr. Judge Rector, of St. Matthew's Church, spoke of his acquaintance with Dr. Gallaudet and the four cardinal principles that were the keynote of his life. Say your prayers. Never lose faith. Do the best you can. Accept the inevitable. He was followed by Dr. Smithers. Benediction by Dr. Chamberlain closed the short service.

Luncheon was served at one o'clock in the main dining room, a dainty and satisfying repast, such as Mrs. Jones the matron only knows how to prepare and serve, with her assistants. Rev. Mr. Newton proposed, thanks to Mrs. Foster the Chairman of the Board of Lady Managers, for the rare pleasure the occasion afforded. That good matron was too bashful to respond to the compliment and a large vase of peonies before her fortunately concealed her confusion. Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet spoke of the gratitude the members of the Gallaudet family felt at the tributes of love for her father. The luncheon over, it was unanimously agreed not to let the occasion pass without a rising vote of thanks to Mrs. Jones, the matron, and Miss Johnson her assistant, for their efforts to make the occasion so enjoyable. Huge vases of flowers were presented to each. Some of the guests lingered to inspect the farm, which under the skillful management of Mr. Samuel Gardner has proved more productive than for twenty years past. The majority of the visitors departed for their homes early in the afternoon, carrying with them the memory of a delightful day.

There is no task so easy as criticizing an able man's employment of his gifts.—Leon H. Vincent.

Do not refuse the duty which the hour brings to you, for one more ambitious.—Emerson.

Practically the whole of the strawberry crop in Missouri was picked by women.

Two tons of ammunition were used for each soldier killed, captured, or seriously wounded in the war on the western front.

## FREDERICK, MD.

The members of the Board of Visitors held their annual meeting at the Institution on the morning of the 5th. The following officers were re-elected for the term of one year: President, Bernard C. Steiner, Ph.D., Baltimore; Vice-President, John K. Shaw, Baltimore; Secretary, Albert Jones, Baltimore; Treasurer, Richard P. Ross, Frederick.

In the afternoon the Fifty-first Commencement exercises were held in the chapel, the gentlemen of the Board and a large crowd being present.

The first event on the program was a lecture delivered by Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, president of the Board of Visitors. Our eminent Doctor, who is a well-known historian, elucidated on the topic of "A New Era in World's History," which was highly interesting and instructive.

Colonel D. John Markey, a member of the Board of Visitors, who had just a day ago arrived home from France, was introduced as the next speaker. The colonel paid a warm tribute to the women who had served as nurses, and "Y" workers, and told of the heroic fighting done by our soldiers.

Next on the program was a military drill given by twelve small girls under the command of little Medford Matthews, a tiny, curly-haired youngster, aged five. This exercise drew a lot of applause from all present. This exhibition was referred to by our principal as an example of "universal military training."

A demonstration of rhythm work and vocal exercises was given by the pupils in the parlor. The selections were admirably rendered and left a deep impression upon all the visitors, who had been pondering how it could be possible for a deaf child to sing. "Hearing was believing," in this case.

An exhibition of Military tactics, manual of arms, and the But's Rifle Drill was given by the cadet battalion on the front lawn at 3.30 o'clock. The reviewing officers were Colonel D. John Markey, Dr. Bernard Steiner, Mr. Albert Jones and Colonel Bjorlee.

After the review Colonel Markey made a speech, in which he told of his great surprise and pleasure at seeing such an excellent drill by the deaf cadets, and added that in the fall moving pictures would be taken of the cadets at drill.

At the completion of the drill fruit-punch and cakes, prepared by the domestic science department, were served on the lawn by the girls, who were dressed in white uniforms and caps.

The reception room was transformed into an open place of exhibits of the work done in the various classrooms, manual training, household arts, cabinet making, printing and shoemaking.

Memorial Day was appropriately observed by the faculty and students of this school. Promptly at eleven o'clock in the morning the cadet battalion, led by the drum corps, with the teachers and two companies of the girls in the rear, marched to Mount Olivet Cemetery, where lies buried our former principal and benefactor, Dr. C. W. Ely, who is a Civil War Veteran.

After decorating the grave with flowers, Mr. Gale delivered a fitting biography upon the life of our beloved friend, who had toiled faithfully forty-two years in the interests of the Deaf.

The spreading green campus of our school was converted into a scene of "Happy fairland," on Saturday, when the little kiddies of this school were entertained at a May fete. The arrangements were in charge of Miss Jane Redmond and Miss Nannie Gonso.

All sorts of games were indulged in and an excellent repast of goodies was served.

A letter of thanks was sent to the Principal by the small boys, who wanted to express their appreciation.

On Friday, May 23d, the cadet battalion of this school participated in a parade of welcome to the Hon. Ritchie, of Baltimore, who came to Frederick to launch the Salvation Army campaign. The route of the parade was from the Pennsylvania Station to the New City Hotel, where a banquet was tendered the speaker. Dr. Percival Hall, president of Gallaudet College, paid a brief visit to the school on the 25th ult.

Wednesday, the 4th, was the home coming day of the 115th Infantry Division from France, otherwise known as Frederick's own. The whole city turned out in full force to give a rousing welcome to the soldiers. At the head of the line we saw Colonel D. John Markey, who is a member of the Board of Visitors of this school.

The entire graduating class of Hood College, accompanied by Dr. Marshall, were interested visitors at the Institution on Monday of last week.

The last game of our school league was staged last Tuesday, when a double header was played between the New York team against Baltimore, and Boston against New York. The team representing New York came out

triumphantly by annexing both games.

The bad start made previously to the New York's winning streak of three straights prevented them from landing elsewhere than in last place.

The Baltimore team captained by Clifton Beckner captured first place, with Boston second and New York last.

Mrs. Hetzler was the guest of Miss Mary Tillinghast during her visit to the Institution last week.

A. W.

## NEBRASKA.

Tom L. Anderson, who has been on the faculty of the Minden High School for the last two years as Manual Training instructor, tendered his resignation with a view of entering some school for the deaf. His resignation, however, was not accepted. Mr. Anderson reconsidered and decided to remain with the Minden High School. A new shop building and a substantial increase in salary, to say nothing of the good will of his fellow teachers and townsmen toward him, helped make the decision.

The Nebraska State Association of the Deaf will convene next summer. Particulars will be out later.

The annual banquet of the Mid-West Chapter of Gallaudet College occurred on the evening of May 24th. It was held at Hotel Loyal in Omaha, and was an enjoyable affair.

Mr. O. H. Blanchard, President of the Chapter, acted as toastmaster. The following responding to toasts were: J. W. Sowell, "The E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Hall"; Mrs. Harry Long, "Gallaudet in 1964"; Fred J. O'Donnell, "Rooting"; Effie Wesen, "Eternal Feminine"; Mrs. W. Rothert, "Liberty Enlightening the World" (Sign Song).

Mr. O'Donnell's "Rooting" captivated the Gallaudets. But hold, he did not root as you might think. He merely told how rooting often helped the players, when they were faltering. His stories of glories on the girdiron while battling with some of Gallaudet's ancient rivals, brought both the old war horses and rooters upon familiar grounds, and they felt like rooting until the roof blew off.

The Mayor of Omaha, was to have spoken, but at the last minute he found it impossible to be present. Oscar Treunke, who was down to respond to "The Ideal Club House," was prevented from attending on account of a bad toothache.

Out-of-town visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. O'Donnell, of Shenandoah, Ia; Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Stover, of Atlantic, Ia.; Mr. Wills, of Malvern, Ia; Miss Little, of Philadelphia.

Supt. H. W. Rothert was present. His resignation, which had recently been announced, was mentioned. Supt. F. W. Booth spoke feelingly of Supt. Rothert's resigning after thirty-two years at the head of the Iowa School. He remembered Mr. Rothert when he was state senator visiting the School with several of his colleagues. Mr. Booth said Mr. Rothert always had the interests of the deaf at heart. Others spoke also. At the conclusion, Mr. Rothert was given the Chautauqua salute.

Mrs. W. H. Rothert and children will be on their way to Los Angeles for the summer by the time this letter appears in the JOURNAL. W. H. R. follows later. He is scheduled to speak before the Los Angeles Silent Club.

## Why Cats Have Whiskers.

Why did primitive men have shaggy eyebrows? Why does a squirrel shake his tail over his



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

S. W. J. D. NEWS

Last Friday evening Rabbi Amateau spoke on the "Feast of Weeks." This being the holiday commemorating the giving of the Law, he discussed the significance of the cultural tradition of the Jews which has been handed down throughout thousands of years and has been the source of all the other great universal religions. Summing up the quintessence of Judaism, he said that its cornerstone was justice. That was the slogan of Judaism. If humanity can but attain justice, if it would but do the right thing, just live up to requirements, then this world would be the happiest place conceivable.

Perhaps the most impressive gathering of the whole year took place Sunday morning, June 8th, when the Annual Exercises of the S. W. J. D. Religious Class at Fanwood were held.

At 10 o'clock the exercises were opened by Rabbi Amateau. The Temple, where the celebration took place, was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms and fern plants. The ark and pulpit were really hidden in a lovely array of verdure and flowers. The flags arranged in festoon and other pretty designs completed the scene, which was both inspiring and most pleasant to the eye.

Seated in the front rows were the boys and girls whose holiday many friends, relatives and parents had assembled to celebrate. Their faces were radiant with a joy and in their eyes glowed an unusual lustre that sparkled happiness in every glance. There they were to receive public recognition of their efforts and successes in a noble and sacred work which they had faithfully carried on throughout the year.

After the opening prayer, made by Sonnie Roven, the Shema was chanted by all the pupils. Solemn and impressive was this delivery of this sacred uttering which Jews in all ages and lands have repeated under various circumstances. Katie Schwartz, on behalf of the class, made the Thanks Offering. Then the Scroll was taken from the ark by Jacob Seltzer, who was assisted by Benjamin Cohen and Hyman Stecker. Various original addresses were delivered by members of the class on subjects which they had studied in class. Benjamin Cohen spoke on the "Spirit of the Law of God"; Charles Moskowitz told of the significance of Shebuth, the holiday that had just passed a few days before; Jacob Seltzer spoke on "The Existence of a God"; Hyman Stecker on the "Bible"; and Philip Lieberman on the "Chosen People." Several hymns, including the Shabouth Hymn, the Psalm for Shebouth, Psalm XXIII, and "America," were delivered by the choir of the confirmation class. The Memorial prayer was made by Sophie Sadowitz and the closing prayer by Clara Sylvester.

Four of the pupils, who had been confirmed last year and nevertheless remained in the religious school for post-graduate work another year, were awarded Certificates of Honor. They are now graduating from Fanwood. They are Philip Lieberman, Jacob Seltzer, Joseph Goffin and Clara Sylvester. Many prizes were distributed for excellence in scholarship, for character, deportment, etc. Among these prizes was a five-dollar goldpiece given by Mr. Oscar Poland, who gives that prize annually in appreciation of the religious class which he had attended when at Fanwood.

To those that were promoted into the Confirmation class, Rabbi Amateau spoke on the significance of Confirmation. He told them what their duties would be as members of the Jewish religion and community. To be decent, live clean and good lives, to be true to their own selves and their fellow human beings and always remember to do justice—that are the duties to which they must subscribe upon being admitted into the Jewish fold.

Dr. Isaac B. Gardner, Principal of Fanwood and beloved friend of the pupils, then addressed them and their parents. He told how glad he was to be present and rejoice with the boys and girls on this important day of their lives. He declared that he was delighted to give whatever support he could to such work as conducted and undertaken by the S. W. J. D. Congratulating them on their good work and wishing them success in the future, he urged them to apply all the instruction they received at school and in the religious class, so that they might be good men and women and worthy members of the community.

Due to the continued illness of President Abraham Erlanger, he could not attend the exercises. On the same morning he spoke to Rabbi Amateau by telephone, asking him to deliver his message of congratulation and his best wishes. In his name Rabbi Amateau bid hearty welcome to all present and told them that the S. W. J. D. was the home of the Jewish deaf.

To Mr. Louis A. Cohen, the untiring and faithful instructor of the class, to whom all the credit for their success is due, Rabbi Amateau expressed the gratitude of the Society, of the officers, of the pupils and their parents, and his own personal regard for the most efficient and praiseworthy work.

After the benediction the gathering adjourned, though many lingered for a long while to exchange greetings and best wishes.

H. C. D. NOTES

The closing services of the season were held last Friday at the Temple Israel, and we had the pleasure of a sermon by Mr. Marcus L. Kenner, who spoke on "Law and Order." Mr. E. Souweine was to have spoken that night, but was unable to be present on account of illness.

There was an unusually large attendance and many expressed regret that services were to be discontinued through the summer. Plans have been completed for the "Strawberry Festival" on the evening of June 15th, at the Temple Israel, and the committee is taking great pains to assure every one an enjoyable time. There will be games for prizes and a dancing contest.

The committee also announces the outing given by the H. C. D. will be in the nature of a trip to Bear Mountain, probably during July.

Many of the members of H. C. D. have asked for the privilege of holding Sunday afternoon socials, and the Board of Trustees of Temple Israel has generously acquiesced, so beginning Sunday afternoon, June 22d, the large hall at the Temple will be open from 2 to 5, for social recreation. All are welcome.

Mrs. Joseph Bernstein (nee Rose Racien), who formerly resided in New York, but since her marriage has made her home in Hammond, Indiana, is in New York for a two months' visit and attended services last Friday. Her schoolmates and friends were certainly glad to see her, judging from the welcome she received.

Of unusual social interest was the one on June first when a splendid reception was given by Mr. Keith Watt Morris in honor of his friend, Miss Helen Keller, from four to seven on that day, at the country home of his sister, Mrs. Carswell, in Flushing, L. I. Friends and relatives to the number of over a hundred and fifty came to pay their respects to that remarkable personage, and it was evidenced that all took a deep interest in her facilities in conversing with those present. The host, in having her as his guest of the occasion, presented her with a large bouquet of June roses. In the Keller party that motored to the reception, besides her manager, were Mrs. Annie S. Macy, her life-long companion, and her private secretary, Miss Polly Thomason. Following the reception a very delicious supper, catered by New York's renowned Mazzetti, was served to the guests. The hallways, dining and sitting rooms, were elaborately decorated with various flowers and evergreens, which gave a very delightful setting and indeed all had a swell time.

This is an advance notice to the effect that on June 21st, Saturday evening, the V. B. G. A. A. will give a very modest play in regard to scenes, but rich in costumes and dances. Since April, the members have been rehearsed in the different steps of their dances by Mrs. Dorothy Sanders Kriebel, of Philadelphia, a well-known expert in the art of dancing. However hot the day may be, the evening in the guild room of St. Ann's Church will be a cool one, on account of the cement flooring and the fact that the room is below street level. It has been found on several occasions to be degrees cooler than outside, much to the comfort of the audiences. As before remarked, there is to be only one scene throughout the play so there will be none of those long delays incurred in scene-shifting.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Ann's Church, Friday evening, June 6th, in the presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends. Annabelle Margaret Hanon was married to J. Frederick Eberhardt, the Rev. John H. Kent officiating.

The best man was Mr. Alexander L. Pach, and the bridesmaid Frances McCarthy, a cousin of the bride. After the ceremony a short reception was held in the Assembly Room of the Guild House and the newly married pair were plentifully showered with congratulations and rice.

A wedding breakfast was served at Healey's at which were present, besides the bride and groom, the best man and bridesmaid and Miss Mary Muir and William L. Garrison.

The bride is one of New York's prettiest girls, and very popular among the silent community. The groom has been the popular leader of the Alphabet Athletic Association for a number of years. The couple after a brief honeymoon will make their home in Brooklyn.

The final of a series of lectures delivered by Rev. Mr. Kent during the season 1918-1919 was given at St. Ann's Church, Saturday evening, June 7th. In spite of the heat there was a large attendance. The lecturer took his audience through the weeks following the armistice and the preparation for the presentation of the terms of peace. He read as much of the peace terms as has been published and added details of the partition of Germany and Austria-Hungary and formation of New Nations. In the Fall the lectures will be resumed. It is hoped to have them better illustrated by stereopticon slides and moving pictures.

Misses Katherine Ehrlich and Elizabeth Maclaure had a fine time for three days over Decoration Day. They visited the Trenton, N. J., School for the Deaf, saw the military drill and the Field Day competitions of the girls of the school. Also a ball game between the schoolboys and the alumni, which the schoolboys won. They met Mr. and Mrs. McMann and Mr. A. L. Pach there. On Sunday they had a delightful walk through the woods and later had dinner with a friend of Miss Ehrlich.

Mrs. Leo Greis has obtained a position as cook, etc., in the Todd family at their summer home. In addition to a good salary she will receive vegetables, milk, eggs and berries gratis. Leo was to have taken a position at the same place, but owing to delay secured one elsewhere. The head of the family is the Mr. Todd, of Brooklyn, who contributed \$20,000 toward the erection of a memorial to our fallen soldier heroes at Prospect Park. Leo thinks his star is rising again.

William H. Aufort, Mrs. Aufort and little Dorothy, spent three days in Philadelphia on the last of May. They went by motorcycle and did the distance from New York in five and a half hours, beating the time they made last year by two and a half hours.

Nobody should forget the celebration of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's birthday, on Saturday evening, June 14th, at the chapel of St. Mark, Adelphi Street near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn. A Strawberry Festival and Promenade follows the platform exercises.

See the advertisement on the 4th page of this paper, about the Stereopticon Exhibition that will take place in the gymnasium of St. Ann's Church on the evening of Saturday, June 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Donus (nee Miss Barbara Spoehrer), are rejoicing over the birth of a baby girl, weighing seven pounds, on the 11th of May. She will be named Muriel.

### Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary.  
3018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.  
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.  
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.  
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.  
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.  
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Other Places by Appointment.

### Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

SPRING, 1919.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P.M.  
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.  
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.  
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.  
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass., by appointment.  
Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

### Religious Services.

W. F. Dorian, Licensed Lay Reader,  
356 Carroll St., Akron, O.

Services at Canton, O., St. Paul's Church.  
Every third Sunday of the month, at 2 P.M.  
At Akron, O., St. Paul's Church. Every third and fourth Sunday of the month at 7:30 P.M.  
Memorial Services for the late Rev. B. R. Allabough—  
At Akron, O., on June 1st, 7:30 P.M.  
At Canton, O., on June 15th, 2 P.M.

### Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.  
Mrs. J. M. KRECH, Mute Interpreter.

Sabbath School—10 A.M.  
Sermon—11 A.M.  
Everybody Welcome.

### CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday, 3 P.M.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

June 7, 1919.—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hoy will sympathize with them in their bereavement, which came suddenly last Saturday. Their youngest child, about three years of age, was taken away by the Grim Reaper. It had been sick only a day. Rheumatism of the heart was the immediate cause. It had but recently recovered from the Spanish Influenza. The funeral was held Monday.

Dr. Patterson was in Cincinnati Saturday last, where he gave a lecture for the benefit of the Home under the auspices of the Cincinnati Division of the N. E. S. D. He had a large audience. Sunday he visited Mr. and Mrs. Hoy and extended his sympathy in their affliction.

The oppressive weather the first part of the week caused Superintendent Jones to excuse the pupils from the evening reading hour and let them to remain outdoors until retiring hour.

The Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class was given by Rev. Utten Read last Sunday afternoon. His theme was "Have You Chosen Your Calling." Hymns at the opening and closing of the service were rendered by girl pupils.

The members, active and associate, of the Ladies' Aid Society had their picture taken last Sunday in a group on the front steps of the Institution.

Mrs. Charles Cory, of Dayton, was in the city for several days this week, guest of the Holycross family.

Mrs. Wm. P. Pumphrey, of near Zanesville, was again in the city for some days last and this week. She brought along her eighteen months old child, sweet, cute and intelligent for one of its age, and to her and mother a great joy.

This was commencement week at the school. Examinations Tuesday and Wednesday evening reception and banquet to the graduating class. After the reception in the B Center, the class, officers, teachers and guests repaired to the pupils' dining room. Dr. Patterson offered the blessing, after which the following menu was partaken of.

MENU.		
Olives	Bouillon	Radishes
Fried Chicken		New Potatoes
Creamed Peas		Hot Rolls
	Fruit Salad	
Ice Cream		Strawberry Coffee
Cake		

L'ENVOI  
"A health to you,  
A wealth to you,  
And the best that life can give to you.  
May Fortune still be kind to you,  
And Life be long and good to you,  
Is the toast of all your friends to you."  
—Shakespeare.

Following after which came addresses by Dr. Patterson, Hon. E. O. Randall, and members of the Board of Administration, D. S. Creamer and I. S. Gathrey. Superintendent Jones acted as toastmaster.

Dr. Patterson eulogized the class as one of the best sent forth from the school in character and attainments. The members entered void of understanding and are returned to their parents and State with 100% accomplishments of morality and useful knowledge. He also referred to the chief speaker of the evening, Hon. E. O. Randall, whom he knew when he was a pupil, and his father, Rev. D. A. Randall, known for his researches in the Holy Land and war, for a number of years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Columbus. The son is a graduate of Cornell University. Later was engaged in the book business for some years and is now Supreme Court reporter. The other speakers spoke in praise of the school's work, congratulated the class upon completing its course and wished them success in their struggles with the outside world. The dining-room looked resplendent with its decoration of flowers and plants in wire baskets, suspended from the ceiling. It was nearly 12 o'clock when the feasting and speaking were concluded.

Thursday evening, the 21st, annual commencement exercises took place with capacity audience present. About all the graduates had friends present. The lady members were all dressed in white costumes, each carrying a cluster of flowers, as did the young men. The class motto "Non scholæ sed vitæ, discimus," printed in gold letters with a blue background, was suspended across the proscenium at the top.

Invocation,.....Rev. Moses Breeze  
Salutatory, with Oration—Mary Antin's The Promised Land.....Rachel Gleason  
Essay—Madame de Brun.....Dorothy Durrant  
Essay—The Maid of France.....Corinne Glasier  
Essay—Radium.....Charles Kirkman  
Essay—The Trans-Atlantic Flight.....Lee Oakley  
Essay—The Mountain Whites.....Eugene McConnell  
Essay—Jungle Life.....Wilbur Morrison

PROGRAM  
"America,".....By the Audience  
Led by Miss Corinne Glasier and the School Chorus.

By the Audience  
Led by Miss Corinne Glasier and the School Chorus.

Religious Notice  
Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf.  
Will answer all calls.  
J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Essay—Monali, the Wolf-Child.....Chester Sampson  
Oration, with Valedictory—The Story of My Life.....Katherine Toskey  
Presentation of Diplomas.....Hon. H. S. Riddle,  
President Ohio Board of Administration.  
Annual Address.....Hon. J. H. Newman,  
State Librarian.  
Benediction.....Rev. Moses Breeze

Miss Culpher attracted particular attention because of being bereft of hearing and speech, she is sightless also. Her teacher, Miss Izella Naylor, sat by her side and spelled off to her in her hand the speaking. Then too Leslie Oren was among the audience, and was able to know what was being said through a pupil friend spelling to him in his hand.

"The Story of My Life," by Miss Katherine Toskey, the Valedictorian, was heard with great interest, and when she closed she was most heartily applauded. Her delivery and expressions were also striking. She was born of Polish parents in Pennsylvania, and lost her hearing through scarlet fever at an early age. Soon after her mother died, and the father with two other children moved to Hamilton, Butler County. Here she with her brother and sister were placed in the Children's Home. She did not then know why Thanksgiving and Christmas were held, not till after she came to school here later. She also supposed she was the only deaf person in the world. Surprised she was when placed in the school here there were hundreds like her. Tens thousands throughout the world.

Following is a full list of the graduates:—  
HIGH SCHOOL—Dorothy Corinne Durrant, Franklin County; Corinne Louise Glasier, Montgomery County; Rachel Adelaine Gleason, Knox County; Charles William Kirkham, Mahoning County; Oakley Thomas Lee, Wayne County; Edward Eugene McConnell, Scioto County; Wilbur Allison Morrison, Hancock County; Chester Arthur Sampson, Belmont County; Katherine Toskey, Franklin County.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT—Thelma Irene Maurer, Tuscarawas County; Angelina Elizabeth Pierulla, Franklin County; Myrtle Beatrice Quayle, Montgomery County; Leroy Emmanus Schwartz, Richland County; Otto Seidowski, Logan County.

Colorado and Ohio joined hands when Wednesday noon, at the home of the bride's parents, Ada, Ohio, Miss Eva C. Bamberg was united in marriage to Harvey H. Wilson, Jr., of Colorado. Rev. C. W. Charles performed the nuptial service in the presence of about a dozen immediate relatives. A wedding dinner followed. The wedded couple left in the evening for a trip to Philadelphia, Atlantic City, New York, thence by boat to Albany. Niagara Falls and Buffalo, will be visited and then by boat to Cleveland, to Akron, where they will be at home, and where Mr. Wilson has been employed with the Goodyear Co. for three years past. He has a brother, who is a member of the junior class of Gallaudet College. His bride is an attractive and intelligent young lady is a graduate of the school here, and we join with their friends in extending best wishes in their life's journey together. Mrs. Wilson will not feel lonesome in Akron, as her sister, Mrs. Jay Brown, resides there.

By the time this better is in print, the pupils of the Ohio school will be homeward bound. Meanwhile every one connected with the school is busy for the Closing day, Wednesday, June 11th.

A. B. G.

### TINY BOY KILLED

Five-year-old Robert Norton, a first-year student at the city's deaf and dumb school at 18th Avenue South and Washington Street, was run down with a Yesler Way cable car at the 20th Avenue intersection and instantly killed at 6:48 last evening. The boy's father is a soldier with the Army in France, and the child had been cared for by his mother, Mrs. Robert H. Norton, of 148 20th Ave. He was out of her sight but a few moments when he met with his fatal accident.

Gripman J. B. Doom, 101 Erink Boulevard, in his statement to the police, said that he first saw the boy standing on the curb thirty feet away from the car, when the child suddenly darted on to the street. Doom said he sounded his gong, but the boy paid no attention to it. The child was in front of the car before it could be stopped, said the gripman.

The mother of the boy said she had always feared street accidents, because of the child's infirmity, and that she always took him to and brought him home from school ever since he began attending several months ago.—Seattle (Wash.) Times, May 13.

## New York to Washington, D. C.

Seven enthusiastic deaf Gothamites assembled in the big concourse of the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at 33d Street and 7th Avenue on Saturday night, May 31st, at 10:10 P.M. expecting to wend an excursion to Washington, D. C.

While the exodus of "day and night trippers" on the railroad concourse was extremely heavy with the outgoing crowds from the city that greatly swelled the volume of the ordinary passenger traffic, who traveled to resorts for a more prolonged stay, quickly filled the concourse by the early morning rush of excursionists in a long sigmoid file of passengers forming the "S."

Among this promiscuous file of passengers that broke and disordered the file were Charles Sussman, Rubin Pois, Max Hoffman, Moses Schnapp, Charles Golden, Michael Domenico Ciavolino and Morris W. Axler. All, who were former Fanwoodites, safely procured their seats in the train when the excursion train commenced at 11:43 P.M. and hesitated at Manhattan Junction at 12:02 A.M. to have the electric locomotive shifted for the steam locomotive. The tour resumed at 12:15 A.M. As we sped by, Newark Station was the first transient view at 12:30 P.M., and then Elizabeth and New Brunswick.

Mr. Michael D. Ciavolino, the artist, who is fond of picturesque landscape, was robbed of the sight through the darkness of the night. Instead he became the versatile artist in signs that amused the circle of deaf-mutes with jokes and funny stories. At 1:30 A.M. his two upper limbs became tired by signing so many amusing stories, and our eyes became tired, and the god of slumber had us in his embrace. But the mercurial rattling of the wheels gave us no comfort.

So "Mike" Ciavolino continued telling stories. At an hour later, 2:59 A.M., Mr. Morris W. Axler, awoke and went through all the adjoining trains counting them. There were 12 cars attached to the steam locomotive. He counted how many excursionists there were in all. When the capacity of seats for one train in double rows counts 40 each, one train can accommodate 80 passengers. 80x12=960 passengers.

The city of Baltimore was reached at 4:42 A.M. The train hesitated, panting for 6 minutes, and resumed the trip. At 5:37 was the first sight of dawn. As the train sped by and day dawned, Mr. Charles Golden and Morris W. Axler were lured to the eye by the striking pictures of Nature. They chatted for a while and then at 6:05 A.M. the beautiful city of Washington, D. C., was reached.

New Union Station. The building is of white granite, is 760 ft. in length and 343 ft. in width. The cost of the land, building and terminal improvements was \$18,000,000. As we dismounted the train we were met by two other deaf-mutes, both former Fanwoodites, Mr. Joshua Levy, of the class of '98. He was a pupil under the Dr. Percival Hall's professorship at Fanwood long ago, now President of Gallaudet College. The other, Mr. Max Kisberg, was a former pupil under Prof. Isaac B. Gardner, now Principal of New York Institution for the Instruction for the Deaf. We timed our watch and found it took 6 hours, 22 minutes, to travel 225 miles from New York to Washington, D. C.

We all assembled in a sanitary laboratory and prepared ourselves for the day's ramble—5 cents a towel and soap will do. Then we had a light repast at the Union Station Restaurant. As our breakfast was done we stopped over a curio emporium and purchased picture postcards to be sent to our friends from the city of Washington. As this was done we walked out of the New Union Station, and waited for John Funk, a student at Gallaudet College, to arrive and escort us around the fascinating City of Washington. The first glimpse when we came out was "the Capitol." We waited long enough. John's not coming made us try to go over to Gallaudet College, but we did not know the way. In the meantime a deaf man, who recognized us by the sign-language, approached to meet us. We asked him where Gallaudet College is located, and he directed us the way. Charles Golden wanted to treat him with a drink, but he replied, "No" the City of Washington is "dry." He got acquainted with us and said that he knows our friend, Editor Hodgson, very well. His name is Mr. Elmore Bernsdorf.

At 8:09 we arrived at the entrance gate of Gallaudet College, as well-mannered and congenial young men we approached the farther buildings and asked one student who popped out of the window, "Where is John Funk? Is he in?" The student replied "come." We did, and he escorted us up to his room, and we found John asleep in bed.

We all seven Fanwoodites woke him up, and he was glad to meet us. Messrs. Charles Golden, Moses Schnapp, and Morris W. Axler remained in his room while the rest went up to meet our friends, James Orman and Ang. Herdtfelder. John Funk spruced himself up and showed Moses, Charles and Morris around the buildings. In the meantime we

met Dr. Edward Allan Fay, Professor of French, and John Funk introduced him to us there. We met our friend and teacher, Prof. Victor O. Skyberg, Professor in Latin, and had a short talk with him.

John escorted us to the gymnasium, swimming pool, and garage field. We spent two pleasant hours with him, but the rest of the day was engaged for himself, so we missed him. Later we met Ang. Herdtfelder and James Orman. They wore "green caps" to designate them as "rats."

They escorted us seven Fanwoodites: around the awe-inspiring City of Washington and showed us the Congressional Library, Peace Monument commemorating peace with Spain, the U. S. Treasury, General Sherman mounted on his bay charger, the White House, the State, War and Navy Building, Pennsylvania Avenue, one of the famous streets of the world, the Washington Monument, Pan-American Building, Memorial Continental Hall, in Memory of the Heroic Women of the Civil War, Corcoran Museum, Smithsonian Institute.

After rambling around these various places, we had a sumptuous meal in a "Chinese and American-Eagle Restaurant." The chink with the almond eyes served us so well that we were stuffed. After dinner we had a walk around prominent public places, but the hot sun of the day broiled us.

At 3:58 P.M. we caught the train bound for New York. The train started 4:15 P.M. As I gazed out of the window, I saw the cows browsing, and basking in cool shade, horses and fowl, hens and chicks. At 5:45 P.M., as the train sped along, we passed Frederick Road Station, Md., and it reminded us of our good friend, Mr. Bjorlee, who is principal at Frederick School for the Deaf. London Park is a beautiful cemetery with straight rows of graves. 6:03 P.M., we passed Baltimore Station. The fitting visions of the day was at 8:35 P.M., when the writer fell asleep. We all arrived at the Pennsylvania Railroad Concourse at 12:35. It was the first time in their life to touch the City of Washington, but they forgot to bring with them a sachet of terra[?] that famous city as a memento.

MORRIS AXLER.

June 2, 1919.

## DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON AND THE VIRGINIAS.

REV. H. C. MERRILL, Missionary, 318 Sixth St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—Services in the chapel of Trinity Church, 3d and C Sts., at 11 a.m. every Sunday; Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month. Richmond, Va.—W. Services or Bible Class Meetings in St. Andrew's Church, S. Laurel and W. Beverly Sts., at 8 p.m. every Sunday. Social meetings every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Mrs. F. D. Chiles, Visitor to the Deaf, 502 S. Harrison St., Richmond.

Washington, D. C.—Services in St. Matthews' Church, Chapline and 15th Sts., at 2:30 p.m., every Sunday; other times by appointment. Guild meetings as announced. The Missionary invites correspondence with those needing his services.

## ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANZEL, Pastor, 2535 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clare Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Somebody is always wanting to know how much salary the President gets. The total amount the Government provides him for clerk hire and White House expenses, including his salary, is \$260,000 annually. Of this \$75,000 is straight salary, \$25,000 for traveling expenses and \$160,000 for the rest.

One of the chief sources of strength in big guns lies in the miles and miles of steel ribbon with which the tube is reinforced. This ribbon, one-sixteenth of an inch thick and about a quarter of an inch wide, is wound round the tube or core of the great cannon. On a 12 inch gun are about 130 miles of the ribbon, with a tensile strength of 100 tons a square inch.

How truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—W. Irving.



## DETROIT.

New items of interest of the deaf of Michigan may be addressed to Mr. R. V. Jones, 374½ Louise Avenue, H. P. Pl., Detroit.

Quite a few of Detroit's deaf-mutes gathered at the home of Miss Olive Harrison, Saturday evening, May 3d, to give a surprise party to Mrs. Ashley J. Mickenham, whose birthday was to arrive on the morrow.

A pleasant time was had by all present, refreshments being served at midnight. The table was decorated with flags and streamers extending from the chandeliers to the four corners of the table.

Mrs. Mickenham will have cause to remember the occasion for a long time to come, as she received a parcels post package from her mother, containing a handsome purse-bag, a beautiful brooch, a fine stamped towel and a crocketed center-piece. Her brother presented her with a ten-dollar bill in lieu of a 45-piece dinner set.

On the following day there was a jolly auto trip to Toledo, where the day was spent at the home of Mrs. Mickenham's aunt.

Miss Beatrice Obee, of Marine City, daughter of Mrs. Abbie Obee, spent Memorial Day and the weekend with her mother, and was at the N. A. D. social.

Mr. and Mrs. Kresin, of Port Huron, were among the many visitors of the N. A. D. social, Memorial Day, and enjoyed themselves to the full.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Bertha Curtis to Mr. Francis Hazen Holbrook, will take place on June 18th. We wish them a happy voyage to their life's journey end.

Simon Himmelschein, the short man with the long name, has succeeded in finding employment with the Bahl Maleable Co., and will make the Convention City his home for some time to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Gottworth were in the city from Goose Isle, on Memorial Day, and took in the N. A. D. Social at the Club rooms. Mr. Gottworth has been connected with Mr. Matt. H. Mickleborough, a hearing gentleman, in the General Merchandise business on Goose Isle, for the past five years, and reports that the partnership is getting the bulk of the trade of the Island now, and times were never better with him. We congratulate him upon his successful attainment, and wish him many prosperous years to come.

The Misses Florence Wallace and Bertha Curtis, and Messrs Holbrook and McMullen, spent Saturday, May 31st, at Bois Blanc Park, reporting a jolly time upon their return.

Joseph Bettler, of Cleveland, Ohio, was a visitor at the D. A. D. hall on May 30th, and remained in the city over Sunday, Mr. Seward E. Davis, also of Cleveland, accompanied him. Both boys expressed great pleasure in the hospitality of the club rooms and the members.

Richard Dailey, of Alma, Mich., is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. George May. He is a brother to Mrs. May and will look for employment here, expecting to make his home with his sister, if he succeeds.

Here is hoping he gets there, as we need all the deaf we can get to boost for the Convention.

Mr. Wm. Toegel, who has been through a long sick spell at the hospital, has been finally returned to his home to spend the remainder of his days, as he will never be able to work again.

Mr. Toegel and his family have our deepest sympathy, as Mr. Toegel is a frat in good standing, as well as a good friend to many of the Detroit deaf.

Harvey Stern, who has a lucrative position with a leading printing company of this city, says that he has fallen in love with Detroit, and has concluded to make his permanent home here. He is a member of the D. A. D., and says he would like to see his old friends from Maryland and Virginia at the N. A. D. Convention in 1920.

Mr. Vincent Dunn, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is spending a two-weeks' vacation taking in Detroit, Flint, Mt. Clemens, and Put-in-Bay. He was at the club-rooms Sunday night, when the D. A. D. boys were voting money for uniforms for the new ball team, and generously donated one dollar for a new ball bat for the team. We call him a "good scout" now.

Mr. Max M. Lubin, President of Greater New York Division, No. 23, after visiting National headquarters at Chicago, and taking in the sights of the Chicago Clubs, brought David Padrowsky, of the Windy City with him, and took in the sights of the Convention City, and paid his respects to the D. A. D. boys.

Mr. Padrowsky is treasurer of the Chicago Division, N. F. S. D., and both were present at our last D. A. D. meeting, and made some encouraging speeches that filled our boys with a desire to forge ahead with "more steam."

Mr. Padrowsky left for Chicago Sunday evening, and Mr. Lubin took the boat for Buffalo Monday evening. We hope to see them both at the Convention.

Robert Nathanson, of Toledo, was in the city over Memorial Day, and paid a visit to the D. A. D. club rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Bourcier has moved from 529½ Vermont Avenue to 24 Manson Street, and are now keeping house. The baby is in good health and doing very nicely.

Mr. Clarence Graves, of Cleveland, was among the attendants at the N. A. D. social.

Among the latest to move to Detroit, are Mr. and Mrs. George La Tondress, graduates of the Michigan School. For the past two years, Mr. La Tondress had charge of the shoe repairing at the Lapeer Home for Feeble Minded.

Mrs. La Tondress was supervisor. Both will make a popular addition to the Detroit younger set.

They are now located at 724 St. Jean Avenue, and Mr. La Tondress is employed at the Dodge Bros. plant.

The jitney social, given by the Flint branch, N. A. D., a short time ago, was a great success in both attendance and social pleasure. The guests had a real treat, in being enabled to purchase many different kinds of delicacies, besides hot foods.

The evening was spent in a social way with guests from out of town.

The center of attraction was a huge box in which was a large cake donated by Mrs. Clyde C. Beach. A jitney would enable anyone to guess the name of the cake. In the guessing contest, \$6.40 was secured. As all failed to guess the name, Mr. Clyde Stevens was chosen auctioneer, and the top opened, and a large cake was revealed, sparkling with cut candied fruits. The name, "Tutie-Frutie Cake," was announced, and it was auctioned off for \$12.05.

The committee in charge was: Clyde Beach, Chairman; assisted by Andrew Gilbert, Leila Bailey, Fred Lawson, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Lawson, Jesse Barton and Clara Roberts.

On May 25th, Miss Evans entertained a group of her friends, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Mickenham, Misses Donohue, Blickman, and Harrison, and Messrs. Dieren and A. Japes, in commemoration of her birthday, which occurred on the 23d.

The weather being warm they played out on the lawn, where their pictures were snapped by Mr. Dieren's trusty Graflex, after which they repaired to the dining room of the house, where a tempting feast was spread. All were puzzled by the number of candles on the cake, but we agree with the sage who said, "A woman is as old as she wants to be."

A good time was had by all present, and all went home happy. Miss Evans would have many more such parties.

Mr. Clarence George, of Fremont, O., was in the city over Sunday, and was among the visitors of the N. A. D. social and had a good time.

Mr. Walter Carl announces that he will attend the reunion at his Alma Mater, at Rochester, N. Y., June 21st to 23d.

Miss Grace Phillips will leave shortly for an extended trip, embracing cities in New York, Florida and Kentucky. We wish her a pleasant trip and a safe return.

At last the D. A. D. boys have completed the organization of their base ball team, and the personnel is as follows: Wm. Maher, Temporary Manager; Frank Friday, Captain; John Miller, Benjamin Beaver, Albert Zieske, L. Richards, P. Bednarek, F. Herring, A. Nisaila, C. Huegel, L. Misener, B. Little and C. Webster.

Little Alexander Maher was chosen to be the mascot of the team. At a special meeting of the D. A. D., last Sunday night, it was voted to appropriate \$100 for uniforms for the team and they are now in the course of the making. The boys are on tender hooks to get the uniforms in time to go over to Flint during the reunion, and try to trim the Flint ball team. They have already sent in their challenge.

Your scribe was interrupted in writing this letter on Monday evening, June 2d, by a galaxy of his friends breaking in upon him, in spite of the sign: "This is my busy day," and forcing him to lay aside the faber, in favor of the ice cream spoon, and other implements that are aids to appeasing the appetites of the inner man.

The occasion was in honor of our passing the 54th mile post down life's winding road.

A splendid evening was passed, interspersed with games, and a purse that helped us give Mr. High Cost another buff in the bean.

If all the remaining miles end as pleasant as this one did, I hope I will live to travel many more of them.

The N. A. D. Inter-Allied Victory Social, held on Memorial Day, was a howling success in every way, and D. A. D. boys magnanimously threw open the doors in the arch between the Assembly room and the Club proper, on account of the big crowd, and gave up their own games and donated their side to the N. A. D. free of charge.

Mr. Heymanson and his aids smashed all the previous records, in the way of entertainment and refreshments, and also broke the re-

cord of one night's profits, by going over the top with \$54.35 to the credit of the Convention fund! Hip, hip, hurrah, at-a-boy, Ivan, come again, and make it often.

Col. Dr. Frank Walker, who served with the Allied armies in Europe for over two years, connected with a hospital unit, gave a stereoscopic lecture on the battle fields and trenches, and surgical operations, which was interpreted by Mrs. Grace Davis, and was very well received by the audience.

Mr. F. Herring, Miss F. Nichols, Miss Sankins, and Miss Lattimore, rendered "Yankee Doodle" in the sign language, and received an encore.

Mrs. Russow rendered "The Doughnut Girl," in signs, which was well received.

Other features were the portrait of Jeff and Mutt by Messrs. May and Wortsmit, which caused a ripple of mirth, and Mr. Heymanson's fox terrier came in for a good share of the plaudits.

Withal, everybody went home satisfied, at the stroke of 12.

Like a bolt from the clear blue sky, the sad news reached us, Saturday evening, May 31st, that our beloved friend and pastor, Rev. B. R. Allabough, had passed away, suddenly, while in pursuit of his duties.

The shock was dumfounding, and the credibility, almost past belief, and the truth was brought forcefully to us, that "In the midst of life, we are in death."

A memorial service was held last Sunday, at the Parish House of the St. John's Church, at which both lay-readers, Messrs. Waters and Hoel, officiated, followed by eloquent memorial addresses by Messrs. Waters, Schueider and Jones, and Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, and many eyes overflowed with tears.

Mrs. Nelson rendered "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which was our pastor's favorite hymn and Mr. Waters had the whole assembly join him in repeating Psalm 23d, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," which was our pastor's favorite psalm.

Resolutions of condolence and regrets were drafted and passed, a copy being spread on the records of the Mission, and a copy sent to his bereaved family.

The N. A. D. will hold a grand federation picnic July 4th, 1919, at Socot Park, the proceeds to go to the Convention Fund.

Tickets bought before that date, 25 cents, after, 35 cents.

Harper Car Center Line take you to the grounds. Come one, come all; have a good time with us.

ROBERT V. JONES.

**Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf**  
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,  
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.  
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.  
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

**SERVICES.**  
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 3:00 P.M.  
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.  
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.  
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

**SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH DEAF**

Office and Communal Center  
40-42-44 West 115th Street

Albert J. Amateau, Rabbi and Executive Director.

PHILANTHROPIC, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES FOR THE WELFARE OF THE DEAF IN ALL ITS PHASES.

Divine Service Every Friday Night, 9 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, June 13th, at 9 p.m.

Rabbi Amateau will speak on: "ADMISSION FEE INTO JUDAISM."

Sunday, June 15, 10:30 a.m.

OUTING AND PACKAGE PARTY TO VAN CORTLANDT PARK

Leave from S. W. J. D. 11 A.M.

ALL WELCOME.

**LOS ANGELES SILENT CLUB**  
MEETS SATURDAY EVENINGS  
AT  
Roosevelt Hall, 5th floor  
Walker Auditorium  
722 South Grand Ave.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

When in Sunny California, Visit Us.

## PICNIC & ATHLETIC MEET

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

### Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association

(New York's Foremost Athletic Club for the Deaf)

— AT —

## ULMER PARK

Saturday, August 9, 1919

COMPETITIVE GAMES FOR VALUABLE TROPHIES AND PRIZES. DETAILS AND PROGRAM WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER.

IRVING BLUMENTHAL, Chairman.

## PICNIC AND GAMES

under auspices of

Greater New York Division, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

### At DEXTER PARK

JAMAICA AVE. At ELDERT ST.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Saturday, August 30, 1919

FULL DETAILS OF THE PROGRAM WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER.

#### COMMITTEE

J. BOHLMAN, Chairman

A. BERG

W. SHERIDAN

H. LEIBSOHN

B. SILVERMOND

Direction to the Park: Take Lexington Ave. "L" marked "Jamaica" at the Brooklyn Bridge, or under the Municipal Building, to th Eldert Lane (75th St.) station.

#### FACTORY WORK

We are offering steady employment to a large number of deaf-mutes for production work in the rubber industry, between the ages of 18 to 40, weighing 140 pounds or more. No previous experience necessary.

While learning, we pay you 40 cents per hour, which takes from one to six weeks, after which you are able to earn \$4 to \$6 per day and better. Our factory operates six days per week on three eight-hour shifts.

We now employ 450 deaf-mutes and maintain a clubhouse and encourage athletics and offer educational advantages free of charge.

We will assist you to obtain board and rooms or houses at lowest rates. Physical examination principally of heart, eyes, and for hernia required. Apply in person or communicate at once with Mr. A. D. Martin, Factory School,

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company  
AKRON, OHIO.

DEAR ELLA:—

Sure we are going to New York again next winter, and of course it will be at the time of the "FRAT'S BALL." Lovingly,  
JESSIE.

## THE TOY SHOP

ONLY ONE SCENE GUARANTEED !!!

THE V. B. C. A. A.

Sat. eve., June 21, 1919

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 WEST 148TH STREET

Admission 35 cents

## PICNIC & GAMES

New York Council No. 2

Knights of De l'Epee

RETURN BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

FRAT'S No. 23 VS. ALPHABETS

RELAY RACE

NEEDLE AND THREAD RACE (for all)

TWO-MILE RACE—Pending

## ULMER PARK

ATHLETIC FIELD

Music by Prof. Wirth's Orchestra

Saturday, July 12, 1919

Admission 25 Cents

Gates open at 1:45 P.M.

The Silent Athletic Club

— UNDER AUSPICES OF —

Great New York Division, No. 23



Don't miss the—

## Stereoptic Exhibition

"NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO"

BY CHAS. C. MOMANN

(Your picture may be in it.)

AT ST. ANN'S GYMNASIUM

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, June 14th

Humorous Stories by REV. MR. KENT. Two Hours of Entertainment.

Admission, 35 cents.

27th ANNUAL

1822—1919

GALLAUDET ANNIVERSARY

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday, June 3d.

Strawberry Festival and Promenade

under the auspices of the

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

AT ST. MARK'S CHAPEL

Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue

Saturday Evening, June 14, 1919

TICKETS, 25 CENTS

COMMITTEE

Mrs. Nancy L. Witmeyer, Chairman

Miss Annie Kugeler Mrs. L. R. Jastram

Miss Nellie Lorizan Mrs. H. L. Juhring

PACH STUDIO

111 Broadway, N. Y.

## PORTRAITS

IN

Sepia and Carbon Black

Special rates to our deaf friends and their families.

As a general thing we use the fashionable dark backgrounds, but patrons can have white backgrounds, or neutral backgrounds if they so request.

We aim, first of all, to please in the highest sense of the word.

TRINITY BUILDING

Wall Street Subway Station.

Would you like to make the investment that nine times out of ten means more to a man and his loved ones than any other he ever makes?

Would you like to lay up, in an easy and convenient way, a substantial fund for the years of your life when you should be able to use money most profitably?

Then let me help you get a policy in the Oldest Mutual Company in America. Act now before it's "too late."

No increase in premium rates to deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

It will cost you nothing to find out.

MARCUS L. KENNER

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New York City

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Greater New York Division, No. 23

360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, MILLARD B. GREENE, Secretary, 87 St. Nicholas Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., or ALFRED L. PACH, Grand Vice-President, 4th District, 111 Broadway, New York.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative, and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays of every month. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors, coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Chas. LeClerc, President; Albert V. Ballin, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

RAIN OR SHINE

PICNIC & GAMES

under the auspices of

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

AT

Hoffman House Park

Copper and Myrtle Avenues, Glendale, L. I.

Saturday afternoon

August 16th, 1919.

PRIZE BOWLING FINE PRIZES

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Mrs. T. Bently, Chairlady; Erich Berg, Mrs. A. Downs, A. Kadigian, J. Heil, H. Bergmann.

DIRECTION—Take Myrtle Ave. Line "L" and get off at Wyckoff station, transfer to Bushwick or Myrtle or Wyckoff trolley cars to Copper Avenue.

## Association for the Deaf.

Organized August 25, 1880. Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1902.

An Organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf.

OBJECTS

To educate the public as to the Deaf; To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf; To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor; To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers; To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment; To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children